

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 13. No. 2. 1st April, 1940.



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 13. No. 2



1st April, 1940

Established 1858

Chairman:
W. W. HILL

•
Treasurer:
S. E. CHATTERTON

•
Committee:
H. C. BARTLEY
GEORGE CHIENE
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
W. J. SMITH
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•
Secretary:
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th May, 1940.

The Club Man's Diary

APRIL BIRTHDAYS: 6th, Mr. R. W. Evans; 8th, Mr. C. Kinsela; 10th, Mr. K. A. Bennett and Mr. W. R. Dovey, K.C.; 12th, Mr. C. L. Fader; 17th, Mr. H. C. Brown; 24th, Mr. H. R. McLeod; 30th, Mr. P. T. Kavanagh.

An anticipatory shudder at the prospect of chilly April showers:

*The sun on high's beginning now
to get a little shy.*

*Maybe that's why in bed these
mornings I'm content to lie*

*And turn again a drowsy head
toward the curtained pane . . .*

*Ab, resolutions vain! When April
comes my pep doth wane*

*And I grow fly. I let my morning
dip go rip—and why?*

*The sun on high's beginning now
to get a little shy.*

* * *

I do not know why there should be any more fools about on April 1st than on the 1st of any other month. Any fool knows that foolishness is not incubated between any particular dates, any more than is common sense. Lunacy and sanity are come-by-chance—and be hanged to the calendar! On some days I feel saner than on others, just as on some days I feel in better health.

Same with my friends.

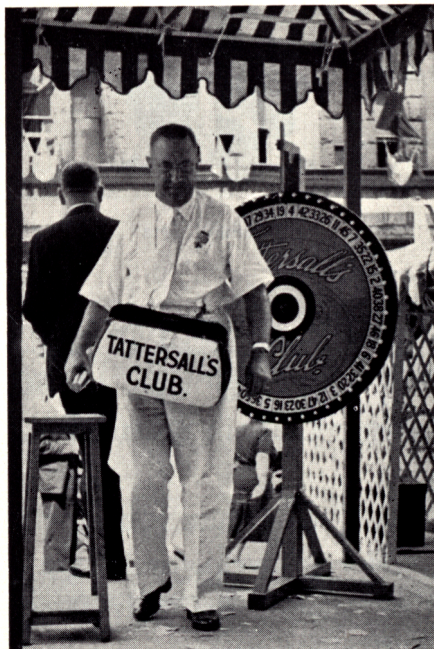
We are all heirs to a condition of mind and of body that oscillates between polar extremities. We confess to a spasm of gout in the plain term of the malady, but we disguise tilts toward lunacy under titles such as "depression," "ill-temper," "temperament," and so forth.

That's why one day in the year is called All Fools' Day, and is reserved for us to laugh at each other for the darn fools we are in imagining the fools are the other fellows who slight us, laugh at us, or oppose us, while the other fellows suffer equally the same delusion in their estimate of us.

*"Lord, what fools these mortals
be," laughs Puck in "The Midsummer Night's Dream."*

Often I think I would have been much wiser had I met more fools in life. Maybe, we have all missed the deeper significance of The Day We Celebrate—April 1—for the lack of a courageous toastmaster.

Look where the Wise Men have us!



A Voluntary Worker on Red Cross Appeal Day.

Tattersall's Club will be up with the best in patriotic endeavour "for the duration." The Club's part on Lord Mayor's Day provided an example of what could be done with everybody's heart in the job. No mere sprint was that, but part of a sustained effort, which was taken up again on the occasion of the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal on March 15.

Voluntary workers rallied out with all their fine original enthusiasm, and, again, a stall functioned. The ladies, in particular, repeated their magnificent effort. Tireless, eager, always cheerful, they were truly an inspiration.

The Club's effort netted £350/3/- which must be regarded as a great achievement, taking into consideration the number of "opposition"

stalls, and the "bailing-up" of the public at every corner by bewitching collectors.

All who helped are thanked gratefully, and, by way of simple acknowledgment, we append the list:—

Mesdames H. C. Bartley, A. Codey, G. Chiene, F. Gateley, J. Hickey, E. Marlow, J. H. O'Dea, F. B. Paul, J. A. Roles, L. Rowe, E. Vandenberg, and J. M. Webberley.

Misses Collins, M. Durack, M. Fowler-Smith, M. Higgins, E. Hill, Y. Kitson, J. Kelso, and Patterson.

Messrs. H. C. Bartley, B. Bear, L. Bloom, M. Barnett, A. G. Collins, G. Chiene, W. Cook, C. E. Hall, J. Hickey, L. R. Harrison, L. H. Howarth, A. Langley, M. McCarten, F. C. Moat, W. W. Ryan, J. A. Roles, J. A. Shaw and A. Sluice.

Acknowledgments are made to the following donors of cash and of goods:—Saunders Pty. Ltd., Gibsons and Paterson Pty. Ltd., Viner and Hall Pty. Ltd. (the three firms which presented the prizes for the raffle), P. J. Bray, C. C. P. Godhard, Heiron and Smith Ltd., A. J. Kennedy and C. Salon.

* * *

The passing of Mr. Valdemar Petersen was tragically sudden in the sense that he was ill no more than a week and he was only 52 years young. A man through and through, he was generous, tolerant, understanding, and he ranged his friends from the Far North of Queensland to the west of the continent. Mr. Petersen represented Houbigant (Paris), the Cutex Coy. (New York), and G. B. Kent and Coy. (London).

* * *

Birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Cordery, on March 25, completed a pigeon pair. Club colleagues tender congratulations. Mrs. Cordery is a daughter of Mr. Harry Cawsey.

Tattersall's Club's pre-eminent place in the sporting world of the Commonwealth has been secured by its long-establishment. Times has enriched it with a tradition. Those who administer its affairs to-day are actually guardians of an eventful past. They must keep in mind, as they do, what the Club was, equally with what the Club is, and what it should continue to be; for they stand in the places of the pioneers, the men who gave life to a grand undertaking.

Tattersall's Club's purpose is to promote good sportsmanship, to rally sportsmen on a common meeting ground, to attract into a kindred circle those who have interests that claim a kinship. It must be more—as it is—than a place where men come and go. It must have a character of its own; something that is felt without being written down in a code; and that something must infect everybody with what we know as "the club spirit."

A gathering that threw into bold relief the stature of Tattersall's Club was that which took the form of a cocktail party in the Club room on March 21, and at which the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) and his confreres of the committee were hosts.

It was, as planned, a great get-together, enabling members to meet visitors to the Easter festivities from overseas, interstate and country. It wasn't a function in any formal sense. The Chairman's brief words of welcome sufficed to strike the fraternal note, which animated proceedings. Thereafter, everybody met everybody, greetings were exchanged, and all expressed appreciation of the opportunity that had been afforded so pleasantly to foregather.

The Chairman of the Australian Jockey Club (Mr. George Main), accompanied by members of his committee, and the A.J.C. Secretary (Mr. George Rowe) were among the large attendance.

An announcement by Mr. Hill that the committee had decided to hold a similar function before each

Spring and Autumn carnival was voted a capital idea all round.

A Los Angeles visitor to the Club in the past month has been Mr. Aubrey Scotto, motion-picture director, whose leisure-hour recreation is polo. Over there he plays the game regularly with Reg. L. (Snowy) Baker, from whom he carried greetings to old friends in Australia.

ANZAC NIGHT

April 25th

DANCE AND CONCERT
IN DINING ROOM,

Commencing at 6.35 p.m.

Table Reservations may be made
with Head Waiter or at the Club
Office.

Surveying new sires represented at the yearling sales at Easter, the writer of that informative article in the previous issue of "Tattersall's Magazine" referred to opportunities for apt naming of the youngsters. Too many have been tabbed in the past by the yawn method—a weary conjunction of portions of the names of sires and dams; meaningless shift from inspired thinking and literacy.

Often we see beautifully conformed and splendidly bred animals carrying names that strike a jarring note in what Nature otherwise has created harmony. All for want of a little ordered thought and sentimental estimate of the appeal of an apt name, these shandy-gaff titles recur annually in the crop of yearlings.

Think of Carbine, by Musket, and rejoice.

Observations by a prattling punter:—

When an insider tells you about an outsider with a chance, take a chance.

My friends and I backed it from fives to evens—and it backed itself from the barrier.

"He came with a rattle at the finish"—being only a two-year-old.

Why didn't they put more flat racers over the Styx?

The French Government has slapped a ban on the shipment of packs of hounds across the English channel for the benefit of fox hunters in the British Expeditionary Force. The French Ministry of Interior turned down all applications from officers seeking to continue huntin' behind the lines.

The Diggers are safe while punting behind the lines is not banned.

*Last night I held a little hand.
It was a wondrous thing.
The thrill it gave was simply grand—
Four aces and a king!*

Some time ago at a private screening of the Darcy-Chip contest, I saw myself among those at the ringside. It was hard to believe that that fellow Me on the screen was 22 years younger than this fellow Me in the theatre seat.

It was harder still to believe that I had profited nothing by experience in that span; that in whatsoever I was weak I remain weak; and that strength lies still in the things in which I was strong.

THE LADY GOWRIE RED CROSS APPEAL

APPEAL DAY, 15th MARCH, 1940.

Result of Tattersall's Club Competition.

1st Prize : 4 Piece Silver Tea and Coffee Service and Silver Salver to match.

(Donated by Saunders Pty. Ltd.)

Won by Mr. J. D. Murray **Ticket No. 2578**

2nd Prize: 21 Piece Royal Doulton China Afternoon Tea Set.

(Donated by Gibsons & Paterson Pty. Ltd.)

Won by Mr. C. Gilkes **Ticket No. 905**

3rd Prize : Cabinet of Cutlery and Silverware.

(Donated by Viner & Hall Pty. Ltd.)

Won by Miss Maxwell **Ticket No. 2499**

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ICE CREAM

The Club Man's Diary

Submit yourself to a similar scrutiny and see how it works out. Proving, that the man who conquers himself completely set out with the advantage of having been born with a halo.

* * *

Famous last words:—

I'll get it all back at the next start.

The jockey called on him at the straight entrance . . .

Ten to one the field.

I'm backing him on his previous run.

* * *

Yes, even on a race day, I have seen in the Members' Stand at S.C.G., on big cricket occasions, this season, many members of Tattersall's Club. And they had come to see the game; not Bradman only. "What are you doing here?" — some greeted others, sheepishly. A sort of apology for deserting horses, it seemed.

* * *

Some time ago a member invited me to attend a golf competition. I accepted his apology in the end.

Any day, I'd prefer to see Bradman get a duck than Ferrier score a birdie.

We have our prejudices in sport. Just as well. Sport is kept going by a distribution of the crowds. I attend some sports as I go to some shows—under pressure. We eat some dishes occasionally for the sake of politeness, just as we applaud someone or other, or something or other, in the cause of discretion.

There you have them: Politeness, Prejudice, Policy. The Big P's in the showdown on life.

P.S.: Did I forget Privilege?

* * *

Mr. Victor Wilson's passing lost to us a well-known and well-liked personality. Our condolences to his family and to Mr. Oscar Wilson, his brother.

* * *

Once a Sydney sporting writer said to me of an administrator in a certain sport: "Every time I see that man I feel like taking off my hat to him. He is self-educated, practically. He has acquired by observance and study the graces of life. He is well-informed on public affairs. He speaks clearly and coherently." Then, turning to me, the scribe added: "How poorly we compare with that good fellow."

* * *

I am all for sport—despite the fact that, while playing five-eight at never more than 9.6, I was thrown from 25 to 25 by 14-stone forwards. I think, however, that the plaint of my friend, the mental dietitian, is well founded generally. If we could only trot up to Macquarie Street and get some of the learned stuff pumped into us! Alas, it is not so simple. What is simple that is worth while? Our Mr. Chips used to tell us: "Nil sine labore."

* * *

Several years ago a friend wrote to me from Brisbane: "We have up here a colt which, if he trains on,

will make the southern champions know they're racing. But we are not likely to have it long, for, like all exceptional horses bred in these parts, this one will be snapped up by a southern buyer or buyers."

The colt was Spear Chief, sold recently to stand as a sire. He proved a great horse, all right. Whether he was great enough to displace Fitzgibbon from his place in the estimate of many Queenslanders as "the greatest horse ever to come out of the North" is another question.

* * *

Appearance in the "Sun" recently of a picture of Tommy Burns, as he looks to-day—that is, going on for 32 years since he fought Johnson at Rushcutters Bay—set many of us thinking back, surprised to realise that "so much time had passed in so little time," as an Irish friend of mine expressed it. Our memories remain so vivid of the incidents of that conflict—it was waged too bitterly to be classed a contest—that Boxing Day, 1908, seems within easier reach of memory.

* * *

The Anzac night dance and concert in the Club dining room, on April 25, is always one of the most popular of the social fixtures; so it will be wise for you to make table reservations early. Book with head waiter or at the office. A start will be made at 6.35 p.m.

* * *

REMINDER: Entries for the Club's May race meeting at Randwick will close at 4 p.m. on April 29.

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RURAL MEMBERS

Mr. W. P. Foley, of Jervis Bay.

Some men, it is said, are gifted with "second sight." Call it what you will, but the final summing-up can usually be reduced to one word—acumen.

Years ago, Mr. W. P. Foley was a well-known figure in the political world as an organiser far removed from the ordinary.

Next step was when the Military and Naval authorities decided on a new venue for Naval Cadets, and our worthy managed to secure a vast property at Jervis Bay, where he established an hotel.

Many of his friends wagged their heads in sympathy, but ere long a substantial offer was received to relieve him of all obligations. It was tempting, but W.P.F. decided, instead, to spend several thousands of pounds on re-building and renovations, and so successful did the idea pan out that to-day Jervis Bay houses one of the finest hotels outside our capital cities.

Our member has other claims to fame. Remember the time he set out with golf clubs for a round with three companions.

Soon in trouble, W.P. was playing out of a ditch. The ball rose sharply and it was evident it would drop again in approximately the same spot it had just vacated.

With the pillule in flight, the player decided to have "a smack on the wing." He connected, and, to the amazement of everyone, the ball actually found the hole!

Now bring out your Hagens, Von Nidas, Ferriers, Cottons—bring 'em all. That effort is in world's class—and then some.

Next time our member visits the Club, let the reader just mention the deed and an uproarious thirty minutes will pass before you realise it. Anyway, it's nice to hob-nob with the famous!

Dr. A. L. Caselberg, of Corrimal.

Dr. Caselberg is an esteemed member of our Club, and, because of the comparatively close proximity of his home town to Sydney, we are enabled to enjoy his company at more or less frequent intervals.

Apart from his high reputation in the medical world, the doctor has claim to fame, in the sporting sphere, by virtue of his exploits as a big-game fisherman, and is acknowledged on all sides as enthusiastic, painstaking and capable to a degree.

Although it is not customary to mention members' good ladies in these little essays, one may be par-

doned on this occasion for mentioning that Mrs. Caselberg is also noted for her ability to do things of high order at the end of rod and reel.

Those who should know, give the doctor credit as prime mover in the formation of the Big Game Club, which now flourishes on our South Coast.

This body is doing Australia a distinct service by letting the world know that Australian waters are equal to anything in any part of the world. We shall, no doubt, reap full benefit when a certain Mr. Hitler decides to cry enough and lets us get back to normal.

When not engaged in the pursuits noted, doctor gives his attention to the everyday affairs of life, and assists, in every way possible, various projects brought forward in his district, which embraces Port Kembla, and which has already been designated the Newcastle of the South Coast.

Popular on all sides, men of the calibre of Dr. Caselberg are all too few and far between for the good of the population at large. An ex-A.I.F. "Digger," the name of Dr. Caselberg, as would be expected, now figures on the rolls of the second edition.

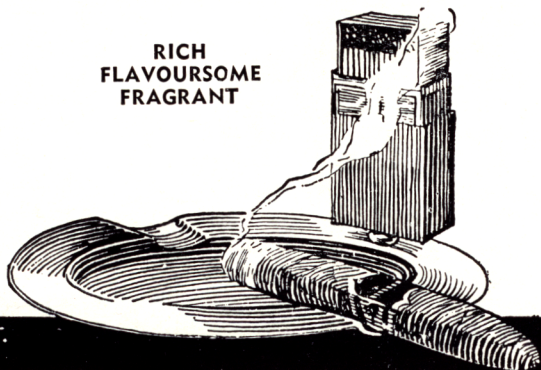
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Links with the Past

(By Frank Clune, "Golf in Australia")

Lucky are the members of the New South Wales Golf Club as they hook their drives, slice their brassy shots, top their niblicks, bury their sand irons and fozzle their putts, on the tees, fairways, bunkers and greens, at La Perouse by the sparkling waters of Botany Bay.

Botany Bay, a place with a history—let's have it!

On April Fool's Day, 1770, Lieutenant James Cook, in command of H.M.S. "Endeavour," bade farewell to New Zealand, where he had been map-making for six months, and steered westward across Tasman's Sea. His intention was "to fall in with the east coast of New Holland and follow it northwards" to the Dutch settlement of Timor.

Nineteen days later, Lieutenant Zachary Hicks, officer of the watch, shouted "Land Ahead!" All hands rushed on deck, among them Mr. Joseph Banks, and Dr. Carl Solander, the zealous botanists of the expedition, all eager to botanise in the Antipodes. There, in the distance, was a thin blue line, the east coast of New Holland, the southern part of which had been mapped in the year 1642 by Abel Jansz Tasman.

The "Endeavour" sighted land near Cape Everard, where the present-day boundary of Victoria and New South Wales runs down to the sea.

The date was April 19, 1770, according to the ship's log, but the navigators forgot that they had crossed the Date Line in the Pacific Ocean, and the true date of their landfall was April 20.

Coasting northwards for ten days, in search of an anchorage, Cook brought his barque between two headlands, and, on April 30, 1770, "anchored at 3 p.m., in a place which I called Sting Ray Harbour."

In this noble and sheltered bay, a huge stingray was hooked—hence the name.

Great was the astonishment of the natives when the Big Canoe, from over the Big Water, entered their placid haven, and folded its wings. Excitedly the Australians prepared to resist invasion by a foreign foe.

The "Endeavour's" boats were manned by pig-tailed tars, while the officers, brilliant in cocked hats and gold epaulettes, steered for the shore.

Down came two dusky defenders, armed with spears, waddies, and boomerangs, prepared to sell their lives dearly in defence of their motherland.

The Battle of Botany Bay is described by Henry Kendall in his Sonnet:—

"There were but two, and we were forty! Yet,"

The Captain wrote, "that dauntless couple throve,

And faced our wildering faces; and I said

'Lie to awhile!' I did not choose to let

A strife go on of little worth to us

And so unequal!"

But still the two against forty would not budge, so Cook ordered muskets to be fired, and the defence of Australia collapsed. Thus White conquered Black in the clash of colour, and Australia became British with the economical expenditure of two musket-shots.

The wood-and-water joeys from the "Endeavour" waded ashore with axes and buckets, and, while they were at work, the two learned botanists, Banks and Solander, eagerly collected specimens of strange herbs, shrubs, roots, flowers, and leaves, the like of which they had never seen or heard of in all their travels and studies.

It was a Botanists' Paradise, and so the name of Sting Ray Harbour was altered to "Botany Bay," and it has been called that ever since.

The north headland of the bay, a long, low, rocky promontory, was named Cape Banks, and the rough, rugged and cliffy south head was named Cape Solander.

Cook's water joeys filled their barrels from a spring: "on the north point of the bay where we had seen several of the inhabitants when we entered it, but which we now found totally deserted. Here we found fresh water, which trickled down from the top of the rocks and stood in pools."

This historic watering-place, which deserves a monument, still trickles near the eighteenth tee of the New South Wales Golf Club. It is shown on the engraving depicting Botany Bay, as seen by Cook's cartographers, complete with headlands and rills.

Two days after the "Endeavour" reached Botany Bay, a consumptive seaman died, and, says Cook: "Early this morning the body of Forby Sutherland, one of our seamen, who died the evening before, was buried, and from this incident I called the south point of this bay Sutherland Point."

So the first British subject to die in Australia lies buried by the banks of Botany Bay, at Kurnell, where an obelisk marks his resting place, and the southing of the wind among the stone-pines is his requiem.

At daybreak on May 7, 1770, the "Endeavour" set sail with a light breeze from Botany Bay, and sailed out of our story. But the saga told by the wanderers, when they reached the murky banks of the Thames, had its aftermaths.

For eighteen years the banksias of Botany Bay flourished with no white man to say them nay, and a wild lily grew on Forby Sutherland's grave.

The dusky Botany Bayites bluffed their children with a tall tale of the mysterious visit of the Giant

Canoe with wings, and of pig-tailed white men with sticks that went bang-bang.

But the piccaninnies did not believe them, until, one fine summer's day, some more Big Canoes sailed in between Cape Banks and Cape Solander, and clanked their anchor chains as the hooks plunged to the mud, scaring the stingrays.

The date was January 18—Anno Domini, 1788.

It was the First Fleet, with settlers from England, some fettered, some free, under Commodore Arthur Phillip, R.N., Governor-General of New South Wales—a territory which embraced the entire eastern coast of New Holland, inland to the centre of the continent.

"Warra, warra, warra!" yelled the natives, meaning "Fore!" as they waved their womerahs at the mariners in the Bay.

Phillip's Botany Bay Fleet comprised eleven vessels, transporting 777 prisoners of the Crown, and about an equal number of free persons, including officials, guards, marines, sailors, and wives and children of the garrison. The total number of visitors who arrived in the First Fleet was somewhere near 1,400 all told, but historians, like golfers, cannot always agree on the score.

The Commodore went ashore to survey King George the Third's new possession and—"an interview with the natives took place. They were perfectly devoid of clothing, yet seemed fond of ornaments, putting the beads and red baize that were given them on their heads or necks and appearing pleased to wear them."

The Fleet remained at anchor in Botany Bay while Governor-General Phillip and his officers scrambled among the botanical specimens of the foreshores, looking for a site for a city.

But, says Advocate Collins, "he did not find one sufficiently extensive for a thousand people to sit down on."

Clambering the crags near Cape Banks, the explorers trampled down the flannel flowers and waded through rough herbage and bunkers until they came to an eminence, from which they could see, in the distance to the north, the waters which Captain Cook in passing had named Port Jackson.

One look was enough, so Phillip and his aides went in their long boats to explore the entrance to "the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line might anchor in perfect security."

Deciding to leave Cook's Botany Bay to natives and golfers, Phillip gave orders for his fleet to up-anchor and sail around the corner to a new anchorage in Port Jackson, at Sydney Cove. The colonists eagerly disembarked, and stretched their legs among the tall trees fringing the beautiful Tank Stream, rejoicing to set foot on land after being cribbed, cabined and confined for over eight months at sea.

While the Fleet was being transferred from Botany Bay to Sydney Cove, strange sails were sighted, far out to the East on the Pacific Ocean. Telescopes showed two frigates, flying the colours of His French Majesty, King Louis the Sixteenth.

The French ships stood on and off, awaiting a favourable breeze and then they sailed into Botany Bay, to anchor on the spot which the British Fleet had just left.

These two vessels were the "Astrolabe" and "Boussole," under the command of the gallant French officer, Monsieur Jean-Francois Galaup De La Perouse. It was a peaceful scientific expedition of discovery in the South Seas, putting into Botany Bay for wood, water and specimens, and to build two longboats.

(To be Continued.)



"Golf at North Berwick," by Sir Francis Grant, the fashionable Victorian portrait-painter (P.R.A., 1866).



TATTERSALL'S CLUB
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 15th May, 1940, at 8 o'clock p.m.

BUSINESS:

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 3rd May, 1939.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 29th February, 1940.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.
Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (d) To elect a Treasurer.
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (e) To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for Two Years.
Messrs. G. Chiene, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles and W. J. Smith are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.
- (f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.
Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 6th May, 1940.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

28th March, 1940.

RETIRING OFFICE BEARERS



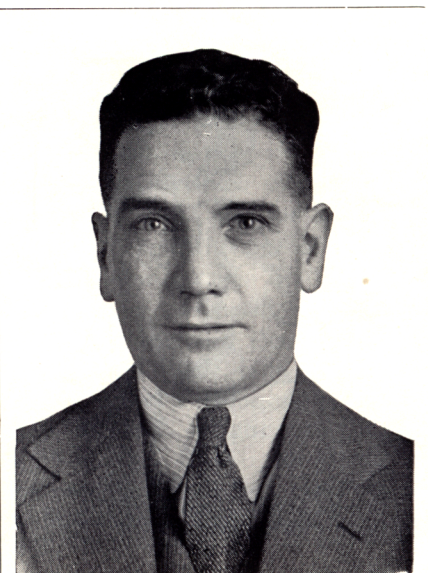
*Mr. J. A. Roles,
Committeeman.*



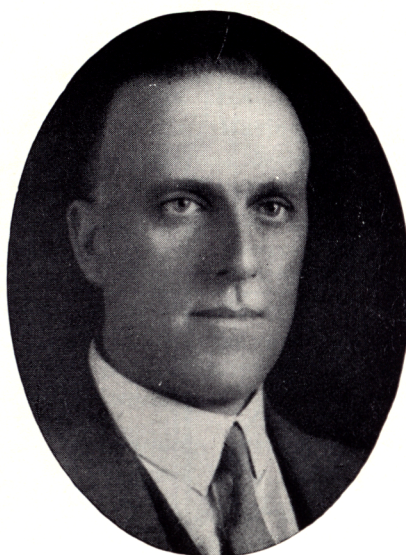
*Mr. W. W. Hill,
Chairman.*



*Mr. W. J. Smith,
Committeeman.*



*Mr. G. Chiene,
Committeeman.*

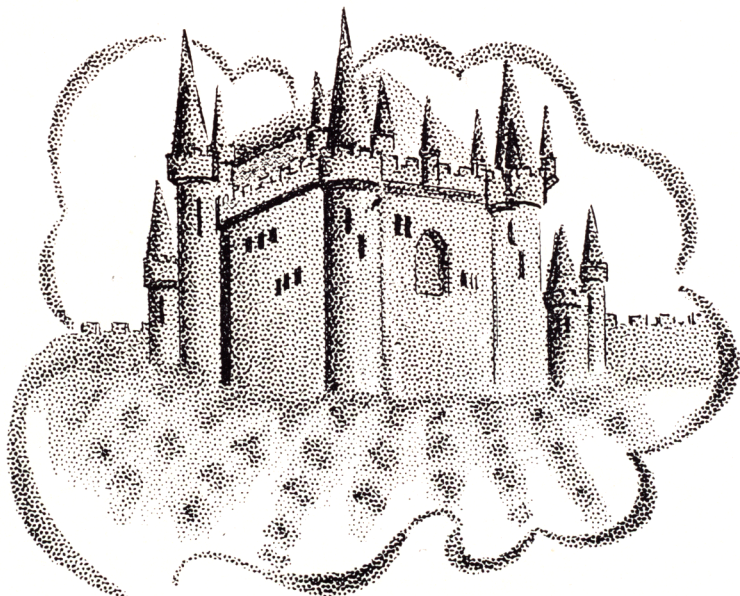


*Mr. S. E. Chatterton,
Treasurer.*



*Mr. A. J. Matthews,
Committeeman.*

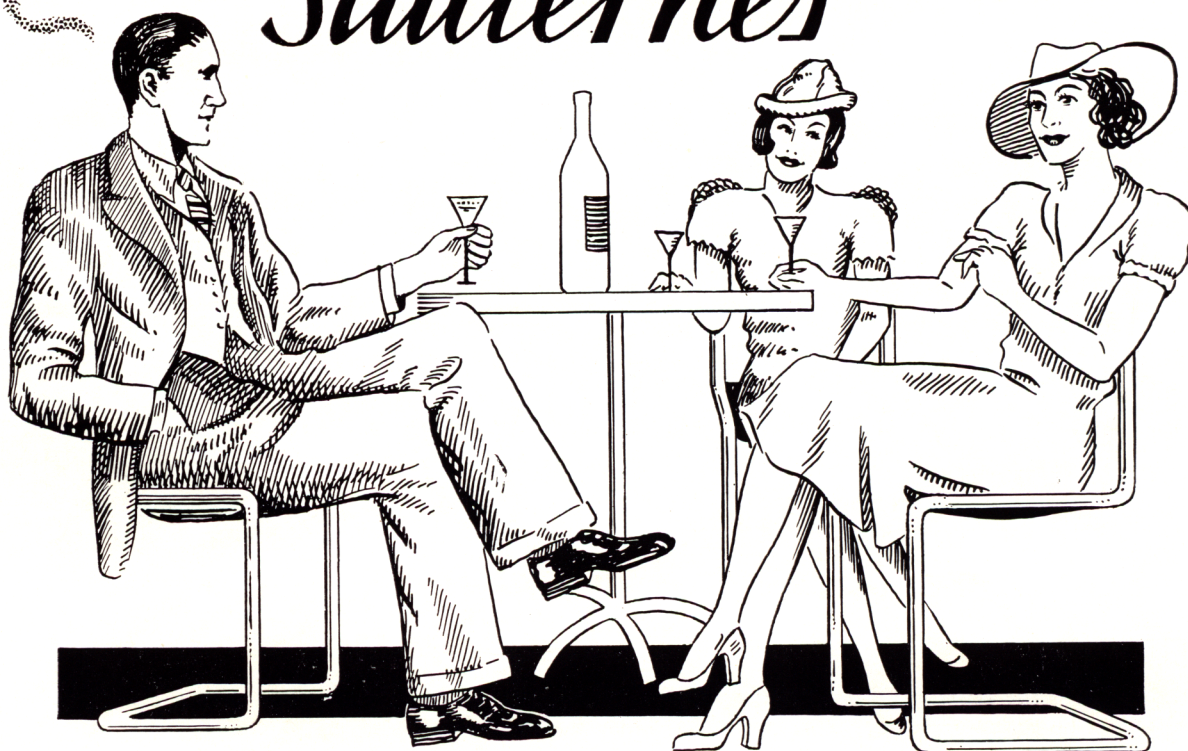
All the retiring Office Bearers are eligible and offer themselves for re-election at the Annual General Meeting of Members, to be held at 8 p.m. on 15th May, 1940.



*The
Wine
of
Distinction*



Chateau Belmont Sauternes



A Week's Holiday by Caravan

By A. H. S.

We left Neutral Bay 9.30 a.m., Thursday, February 8, and, making good time, arrived Avoca 2 p.m.

Having picked out a shaded position for the caravan, we pulled it into position, and decided to unhook the trailer from the car. The caravan moved around about six inches from the coupling position of the car. We could not couple the thing up again, and as the Bay seemed fairly deserted, we were more or less in a pretty pickle when one of the local lads came along pedalling his bike.

He said he would soon fix things up for us, and walked over to the caravan, bent over the coupling part of the trailer, and, with the ease of the daring young man on the flying trapeze, he lifted this thing up, pulled it round to position and coupled the business—and didn't even move an eyebrow. We took him into the cabin and opened a couple off the ice.

After he left, Ken and I discussed the ease in which this good fellow did the job, and for a bit of practice, we decided that we would unhook the trailer again; so having taken up our positions, one each side of the trailer chassis, we gave a mighty heave, and off it came, with a wider swing than before. With the weight of the cabin bearing down on our brawny muscles, we lost control again, and down it went to the ground. Well, it was such a shock to us that Ken fell down to a sitting position on the ground, with the look of amazement in his eyes, and burst out laughing—ha, ha, ha! while I stood up glued to the spot.

We were in a worse position than before, and our cycling cobber, having made himself scarce

in the surrounding hills, was just too much for both of us. So to the ice chest for another beer.

To cut a long story short, I walked around the locality trying to find some strong youth, but in vain, and came back to Ken, to find him deeply in thought, and, with my ingenuity and his ideas, we set to work to fix the damage we had done.

You can believe it or not that we eventually got that thing back again, and, once on, we decided that under no circumstances would we dissect the car from the caravan again. Where the car went, the cabin would go, and so it ended.

By this time it was five o'clock, and we had not had a meal, so we set to and tried our hands at something we knew a lot about and which didn't need any brute strength. We prepared grilled chops and boiled potatoes, and a glass of cool beer. Having cleared the utensils away, we decided that as the day was still young and nights are long, we would go round to Terrigal. We arrived there shortly afterwards, and it was there that we stayed for the night. Although our first day out wasn't without a little misfortune, it could have been worse.

Friday morning, awake at 5 o'clock, and fished for a while; the water was twenty yards from where we parked the cabin and car. Plenty of fish there, but I did not catch any. The tide was against fishing. However, we had plenty in the larder, so bacon and eggs for two was the order. Boy, that breakfast was good-oh! Washed up and Ken decided that he would stage a bit of a toothache. After suffer-

ing for an hour or more, and looking plenty glum, I decided for him that we had better go back to Gosford, and, although I know he had a horror of the dental parlour, I persuaded him to go to the dentist and have it fixed.

The dentist was a nice, kind chap, who doctored Ken's tooth up for him and refused to take any payment, but advised Ken to spend the money on a double-headed whisky, which he did. I had a half pint of old. Operations finished at 10.30 a.m.

During Ken's ten minutes with the dentist, I did a little shopping—four nice chops, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ bread, petrol for stove, etc.

A hot morning, and we are on our way to Belmont, on Lake Macquarie. Duly arrived at 1.30 p.m., and pulled in for a cold lunch, consisting of tinned salmon, lettuce, tomato, etc., and cold beer. Although this is our second day out, we haven't made any set plans as to where we would go, so talked it over while going along, looked at a road map, and finally decided to go to Port Stephens.

We traversed the Hunter Valley district, and, although there has not been any rain for some time and drought is evident on most routes we took, we were astonished at the healthy and fat state of the cattle through the Hunter Valley, and the green fields and abundance of healthy soil showing up everywhere.

Duly arrived at Newcastle 2.30 p.m., crossed punt to Stockton, and, while in the Boatrowers' Hotel having one, we sought information from publican as to the best road, etc., to take. We were over-run with advice as to where to go, etc.

One chap in the bar said to go to Soldiers' Point, others said go to Tenilba on Lemon Grove Passage; others somewhere else. However, we set off again, having quenched our thirst (very hot weather). Travelling some miles we came to a fingerpost directing to Soldiers' Point, and decided to have a look. Well, having got out on to the bush track, we could not turn back, for with the trailer at the back we could not go backwards, neither could we turn, for we needed a very wide turning space. On each side of this track were gum trees, and we were hemmed in all round by thick scrub, etc., so we had to trust to luck and go on. We eventually got through this five and a half miles of soft, sandy, bumpy and winding track, and pulled up at the end where one or two huts and fishermen's places stood. We asked one of the local lads, who reminded us of "Dave" at his worst, where we could park ourselves.

Naturally, they were astounded to see us with the caravan and car, and said we were the first to venture out into their unknown. Ken and I looked at each other, and it only took us half a minute to decide that we would be eaten alive with mosquitoes here. As there was just enough room for us to turn the caravan, we set off over those 5½ miles of awful bush track. We were in second gear most of the time. This little side line cost us 11 miles and plenty of time and petrol.

Back again on main road, and it was not long before we were at Nelson Bay, Port Stephens, and, to our joy, found that this was just the place to suit our taste—a hotel, one or two stores, nice open spaces, plenty of fresh water (artesian wells), plenty of fish, swimming, sun-baking. Across the street is the billiard saloon, where the trades' lads and professional fishing boys congregate to have a few bets on the horses. We made use of this convenience on Saturday, and just missed backing Denis,

which won at 9/2, but were in time to have a bit on Asnazu and High Caste, which both won. With other small bets that lost, we lost 5/3 on the day.

The Port Stephens Harbour has lots of small bays all round the coast. One in particular we went to was Shoal Bay, and about three miles from where we were camped. We decided to have a look at this place, on the recommendation of a Mr. Cart, a friend of Ken, who had a very nice launch, but it was tucked away from everywhere and awkward to get to with our caravan; in fact we were lucky to get there and back without any mishaps. On looking inside our caravan on both of these side joy rides, namely Soldiers' Point and Shoal Bay, we were amazed at the look and condition of the cabin. Bedding, food, water, crockery, almost everything out of place through the rough going. Ken asked me how much celery we would cook for our meal to-night (6 p.m., Saturday), coupled with grilled sausages, boiled potatoes and pot of tea. While Ken cooks the sausages on the fire outside, I boil the potatoes and celery in the cabin on our stove. Turn in 8.30 p.m.

Sunday opened up a terrifically hot day; not a breath of wind, and bush fires everywhere. We spent the day swimming, sun-baking, and a few half pints. Grilled fish and chips for breakfast, camp pie and greens for lunch, and fish again for dinner, owing to our chops going bad on us. Although we have a hundredweight of ice which Ken ordered by mistake, and, incidentally, came from Newcastle by the service wagon, we find it hard to keep food as cool as we would like. The bulk ice we keep under Ken's bunk, where the bath tub is. He claims that his tail is cold all night.

Monday opens up with a cloudy sky, but still very hot, and another day for us to run around in a pair of shorts only. For four days we

have lived in shorts only, and naturally are as brown as niggers. While I am scribbling these notes, I can hear Ken splitting a lobster in two; one that was caught this morning and boiled as well. This will be our lunch, aided with lettuce, tomato, cucumber, celery and glass of cold lager. A cow just came nosing round and we heard a rattle of tins, etc., and looked out of van to find that the cow had been to the fireplace for the leavings, etc.

Lunch on Monday at 12.30, after which we went round to Salamander Bay, where the oysters grow, and about seven miles from our base, and returned with a bag of oysters, small but delicious. By the time we got back it was time for tea, so dished ourselves up a pot of hot stew, consisting of lamb, green peas, potatoes, tomatoes, celery, onion. Oh boy, it was good.

As we listened to the wireless at 8 p.m., one of the campers came along and brought us nine lovely red rock-cod, these were too many for our breakfast, so we passed some on to the next line of campers. This place is a great community-feeling district; everyone is giving something away or borrowing something. We have had given us as many bream as one can take, firewood, empty boxes, etc., and the idea is that if you have too much you give it away again to those who have not enough. The locals here have a great financial system of their own. They borrow a pound here, borrow another pound somewhere else to pay the first one back, and so they go on. They did not know that a war was on.

Time for bed—8.30 p.m.

Tuesday morning brought another hot and sunny day. Just another laze around in the sun and water with plenty to eat. Fish and chips for breakfast, oyster soup, cold salmon and salad for lunch, and grilled rump steak and onions and tomato and boiled beans—

(Continued to page 16.)

The Birth of "Modern" Billiards

Some of the Original Rules

Last month details were given of the latest game invented for billiards players and named "Five Ball" in allusion to the number of sphericals required.

Now, by way of contrast, it is proposed to regale the reader with something about the original rules of the game we love so well, but, in too many cases, play so badly.

There has always been a great deal of doubt regarding the early history of billiards, and some of the claims are fantastic.

It can be taken for granted that some sort of game akin to that we know was played away back in the dark ages, but the "modern" variety took shape as late as the year 1700 or thereabouts.

Although the writer has "proof" of earlier billiards than that, by way of written articles by various "authorities," the fact remains that "Hoyle's Games Improved," printed in 1775, does not substantiate the claims.

Few will argue that "Hoyle" is not, and always has been, an accepted authority, and this is the way billiards is introduced in the edition quoted above:—

"Comprehending the original Rules, regulated as they are now played, and more fully explained and enlarged; with directions for the conduct of players, and of the bettors, etc., NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. To which are added the Common Odds, which are laid on the Hazards, as well as on the game of Billiards, from one point to six unclusive. By John Dew, a marker, well known to be experienced in the practical, as well as the theoretical, Parts of Billiards, upwards of thirty years."

It is impossible to conceive that any game could exist without a uniform set of printed Rules, and, as Hoyle quotes those of 1775 as being the first ever, we can accept it that the game we know to-day had its birth somewhere round about the beginning of the 17th century.

Let me quote Hoyle a little further:—

"The game of billiards is not less in the esteem for its variety and amusement, than for the fine exercise it occasions; at the same time, the powers necessary for this game are so gentle that it is equally adapted to the entertainment of the

"Immoderate bursts of passion, and even fretting at trifling disappointments in the game are usually found to be prejudicial to the player; his nerves being affected, it is impossible for him to make the stroke with that steadiness and nicety the game requires."

The terminology in the Rules is a delight. For instance, Rule VIII.: "If the striker does not hit his adversary's ball; and if by the said stroke his ball should go into a hole, or on to a cushion, he loses three points, viz., one for missing the ball and two for holing it. And he loses his turn."

We play that Rule to-day, but not this one (Rule XI.):—

"If the striker holes both balls he loses two points."

Evidently all players of the days referred to were not able to produce that "degree of nicety" explained in the introduction, because Rule XVIII. provides for same like this:—

"If the striker in attempting to make a stroke doth not touch his ball, it is no stroke; and he must try again to make a stroke."

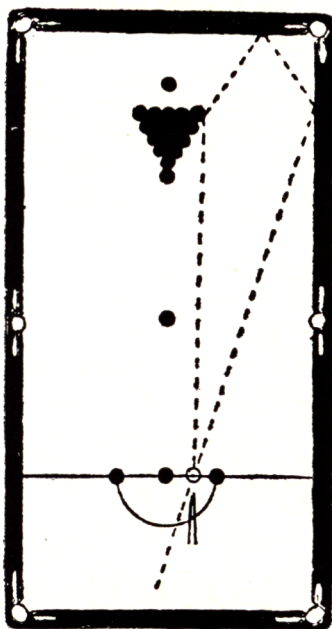
Many have wondered, perhaps, why a certain portion of the butt end of a cue is flattened. Rule XLVIII. explains:—

"When the parties agree to play point and point of the cue, *neither of them have a right to use the butt during the game or match, without permission.*"

Moderns will look askance at Rule LXII. It seems like "No Reply, No Business" in reverse:—

"If 'A' proposes a bet, which is accepted by 'B,' it must be confirmed by 'A,' otherwise it is no bet."

Reader must remember that the Rules above are stated by Hoyle to be the first ever, and, as they, in so many cases, nearly approximate to our own, the assumption can only be that the birth of modern billiards was somewhere about that period stated.



Snooker players frequently ask "What is the correct shot when 'breaking' the diamond?" World Champion Joe Davis advocates that depicted in diagram above, which ensures a safe leave.

fair sex; and many ladies now play this game to a very great degree of nicety and perfection.

"In order to play this game well, attention must be given at the first to the method of holing the Mace; to the position in which the player must stand, and the manner in delivering the ball from the Mace; but these are much more easily acquired by observation, or by direction, of a good player, than by any possible written Rules.

"A person who plays with his right hand must stand with his left foot foremost; and, on the contrary, he who is left-handed must stand with his right foot foremost, by which he will stand more steady and firm.

A WEEK'S HOLIDAY BY CARAVAN

(Continued from page 14.)

sweets, Weet-Bix, butter and strawberry jam, and pot of tea.

Two mine trawlers have just pulled in, one the "Bermagui;" we can see the four-inch guns mounted on the bow of ships.

Wednesday morning brings with it another fine and sunny day, and the two mine sweepers have hauled up their anchors and have gone to somewhere. Although we leave for home to-day, we can make most of the time left lazing about in the sun and water, for having the caravan we don't have to bother about pulling down tents, packing pegs and rope, etc. As soon as we give ourselves moving orders we close the trailer door, jump in the car and off.

Left Nelson Bay at noon to arrive home nice and early, but fate was against us. Having done ten

miles of our journey, we pulled up to collect a small Christmas-bush. Shortly afterwards we got our first blow out, which we duly fixed by putting on our spare tyre, and when on the move again for a mile or two got another blow out. This one got us thinking, as we had no other spare and we were twenty-three miles away from the nearest service station, on a bush road.

Fortune was with us. A taxi came along. When we told the driver of our plight, he suggested taking us to Stockton, twenty-three miles away. We arrived at Stockton and took the garage proprietor back with us with new tyre and tube. This little stunt cost us seventy miles, plus cost of extra tyre and tube.

Having got on our way again, we discovered that we had lost the caravan key and couldn't get in to get clothes, so at Newcastle we dug out a locksmith, and it took him

half an hour to pick the lock. While he was doing this, Ken and I had a couple of tiddleys at the fountain. We are still in our shorts and singlets, covered in dust and axle grease. As this was the third accident in an hour, we considered our luck had changed, and would get home about 10 o'clock without further hindrances.

We were passing through Belmont at 7 o'clock, a bit weary after these mishaps, but very happy after a very pleasant holiday per caravan. A hot bath and a few home comforts are running through our thoughts at present.

Arrived home 10.30 p.m., Wednesday, February 14, 1940.

Approximate costs, etc.—

Petrol	£2	7	7
Food and refreshments	5	0	0				
Total	£7	7	7

Journey travelled—approximately 450 miles.

ETA *Delicious*

SALTED NUTS



CASHEWS · ALMONDS

· PEANUTS ·

Take a Jar home with you

Who is the Executor of your Will?

If you have appointed a friend, have you considered that he may die soon after you, and your Estate may pass into the control of someone whom you would never have trusted; that he may maladminister the funds, or your Estate may suffer losses through his neglect or inexperience?

These risks can be guarded against by appointing as your Executor Perpetual Trustee Company Limited, which offers security combined with Efficient Administration and Experience gained in the management of thousands of Estates comprising assets of almost every description.

A new booklet, "Your Executor and Trustee," will gladly be sent to you on request. Every man and woman with an Estate to bequeath should read this book. Write to-day.

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assets and uncalled Capital exceeding £1,250,000.

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

Pool Splashes

Interesting Position in Dewar Cup Contest— Murphy and Dexter tie for Monthly Point Score

The Swimming Club's contest for the Dewar Cup has rarely been as interesting as it is this year, as with three months or so to go, there are at least ten men with chances of annexing the coveted trophy.

Usually at this stage the field of possibles is fined down to five or six at the outside.

Last month's races made decided changes on the points ladder, as George McGilvray has headed Winston Edwards and now leads by a couple of points.

George Goldie retains his third place, but Godhard has advanced from sixth to fourth place, level with Dexter, who has come up from ninth, whilst English and Murphy have both improved their positions.

Only fourteen points separate first and seventh men, and a good month's results can put any of them on top.

Dewar Cup leaders are:—

G. McGilvray, 85½; W. S. Edwards, 83½; G. Goldie, 79½; C. Godhard and J. Dexter, 77; T. H. English, 71½; A. S. Block, 71; N. P. Murphy, 66½; V. Richards, 65; I. Stanford, 62; R. Payne, 56; R. J. Withycombe, 41; B. Partridge, 40; C. D. Tarrant, 35; J. Buckle, 30.

"Mick" Murphy, who has been a great performer this season with his dogged finishing efforts, had bad luck in not taking the February-March Point Score outright, instead of dead-heating with Dexter, as in the Brace Relay his partner fell in before his time and thus put Murphy out of the race.

Still, "Mick's" record of three wins and a second in the last five races was something to talk about.

Harry English had a good month with two seconds and a third, but he just can't manage to get the judge's eye.

As tipped last month, Ivor Stanford collected the February Point Score, but in March he failed to get going owing to indisposition.

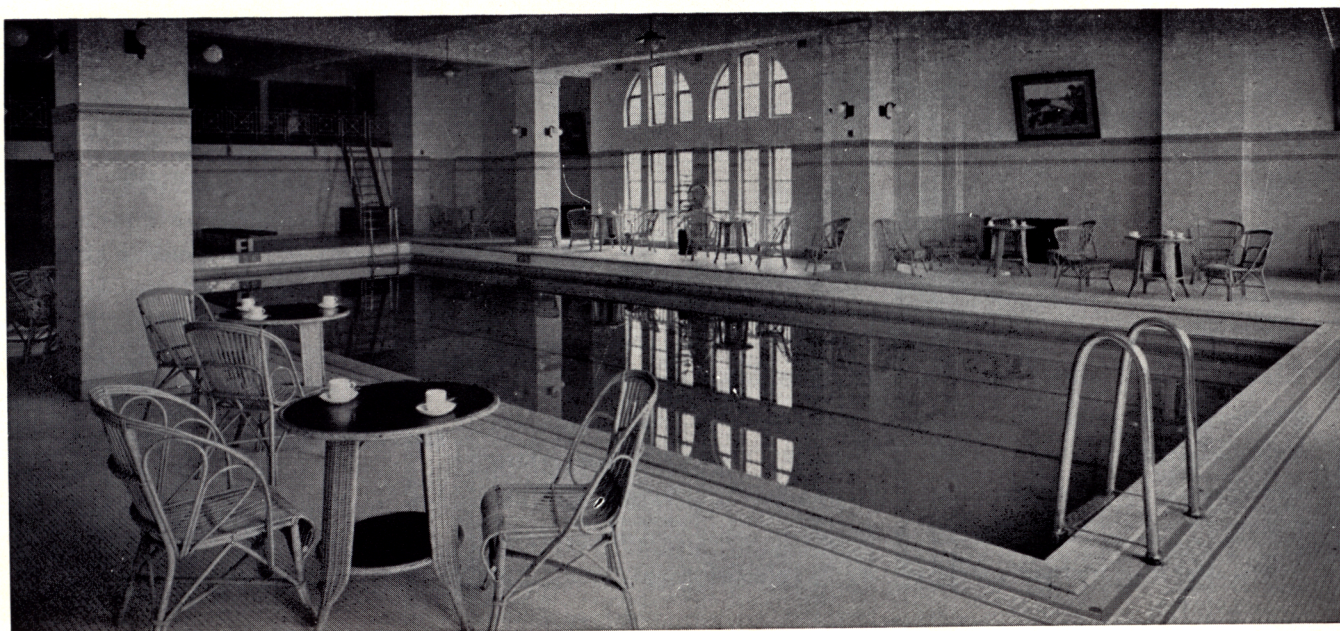
Big event in the natatorial world during March was the Australian Surf Championship carnival, wherein those thousands of stalwarts who so nobly do humanitarian duty on the beaches showed their paces to a huge crowd.

It makes one proud to see these chaps in action, to think that they take charge of the beaches without any reward, in their own time, and at their own expense. No acclamation can be too great for them.

Many of them came from A.I.F. camps to take part in their last carnival before going abroad to participate in the sterner contests of the Great Adventure.

Individual honours in the Surf Championship went to Bob New-

(Continued on page 20.)



The Club Swimming Pool

RACING FIXTURES

1940.

APRIL.

Rosebery Wednesday, 3rd
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 6th
 Kensington Wednesday, 10th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 13th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Ascot Wednesday, 24th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 27th

MAY.

Hawkesbury Wednesday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 4th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 8th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 11th
 Kensington Wednesday, 15th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 18th
 Rosehill Wednesday, 22nd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 25th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 29th

JUNE.

Canterbury Park Saturday, 1st
 Ascot Wednesday, 5th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 12th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 15th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 17th
 Kensington Wednesday, 19th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 26th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 29th

JULY.

Ascot Wednesday, 3rd
 Kensington Saturday, 6th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 10th
 Moorefield Saturday, 13th
 Kensington Wednesday, 17th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 20th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 24th
 Rosebery Saturday, 27th
 Ascot Wednesday, 31st

AUGUST.

Moorefield Saturday, 3rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 5th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 7th
 Rosehill Saturday, 10th
 Kensington Wednesday, 14th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 17th
 Ascot Wednesday, 21st
 Moorefield Saturday, 24th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 28th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 31st

SEPTEMBER.

Rosebery Wednesday, 4th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 7th
 Kensington Wednesday, 11th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 14th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 21st
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 25th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 28th

OCTOBER.

Ascot Wednesday, 2nd
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th
 (Eight-Hours Day)
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 16th
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 19th
 Kensington Wednesday, 23rd
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 30th

NOVEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 Ascot Wednesday, 6th
 Canterbury Park Saturday, 9th
 Rosebery Wednesday, 13th
 Rosehill Saturday, 16th
 Kensington Wednesday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd
 Rosebery Monday, 25th
 Howkesbury Wednesday, 27th
 Rosehill Saturday, 30th

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th
 Victoria Park Wednesday, 11th
 Rosehill Saturday, 14th
 Ascot Wednesday, 18th
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th
 (Boxing Day)
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 28th

1941

JANUARY.

Tattersall's Club Wednesday, 1st

Do You Know?

● **THAT** we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.

● **THAT** any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.

● **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.

● **THAT** Duo - Therapy Treatment is now available to members in the Athletic Department.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 48



Ophir : Australia's first Goldfield. (Below) E. H. Hargraves, Discoverer of Gold (Government Printer Photos.)

GOLD IS DISCOVERED.

ALTHOUGH gold was not discovered in payable quantities until 1851, there had been a great number of minor discoveries recorded prior to this—and it is possible that there were many others which never received any publicity, for such severe punishment was accorded to those unfortunate convicts who were found with rough gold in their possession that it is only natural that any such discoveries would be kept secret. What is apparently the first authentic report of the finding of gold was by Assistant-Surveyor James McBrien, who discovered a small amount while engaged in surveying work along the Fish River between Rydal and Bathurst in February, 1823.

IN 1839 Count Paul Strzlecki discovered traces of gold in the Hartley district. While three years later the Rev. W. B. Clarke made further discoveries of gold (again not in sufficient quantities to justify working) in both the Hartley and Bathurst districts. As a result of these discoveries, and because of his geological knowledge, he ventured the forecast that it was almost certain that at a later date this metal would be found in large quantities. At that time the Government was not at all anxious to have gold discovered, since it was feared that an outbreak of the convicts might result.

IN 1849, however, the discovery of gold in California changed this state of affairs, for the loss of population, caused by the numbers who left New South Wales to try their fortunes in America, soon became of a serious nature. It was realised then that the only way of combating this exodus was by finding gold in Australia, and efforts to effect this discovery were encouraged. The story of Edward Hargraves's unsuccessful journey to California and his return and success in Australia is too well known to need detailing here. Sufficient to say that on February 12 1851, Hargraves succeeded in finding gold at Summerhill Creek, near Orange.

IN a despatch dated May 22, 1851, Sir Charles Fitzroy sent to Earl Grey the first news

of the discovery: "I avail myself of a private opportunity which has unexpectedly offered, and by which a letter is likely to reach your Lordship quickly, to inform you of a discovery of gold in that part of this colony which lies to the westward of the town of Bathurst, and the nearest point of which is almost 150 miles from Sydney. The gold field, the existence of which has been reported to the Government, and by the same parties communicated to the public, is said to extend over a large tract of country, and is alleged to be of great value. Governor Fitzroy then goes on to voice the suspicion that he had a fear that the reputed field may have been "salted" with Californian gold. In this suspicion, however, he was wrong. Gold there was at Ophir (as the field became known after the reputed land from which Solomon obtained his great masses of gold), and in seemingly inexhaustible quantities.



NEW SOUTH WALES suddenly became obsessed of gold-fever. The roads to the west were thronged with vehicles of every description, carrying anxious seekers of wealth to the diggings, while the city of Sydney was left in a state of comparative desertion. Quickly, once the fields of Ophir had been discovered, came the news of other rich fields—the Turon, Araluen, Abercrombie, and Merroo fields were all discovered during that same year, and to each in turn came the mad rush of fevered fortune-hunters. And from each field there began the steady return to Sydney of gold-laden vehicles, and from Sydney ships sailed, carrying cargoes of fabulous worth. From all over the world came people to exploit the riches of Australian gold-fields. The days of financial depression were swept away with incredible swiftness. Fortunes were made and lost daily. So began what is probably the most stirring period of Australian history—a period of sudden, easy riches, and the inevitable companion of all easy wealth, a period of reckless lawlessness, greater than anything the convict system had ever known.

Pool Splashes *(Continued from page 17.)*

biggen, once of Newcastle, but now of Manly. This hefty young chap bade fair at one time to rank with the greatest of our champions in the baths, but latterly he has not done so well.

Yet, in the surf he more than held his own to defeat such stars as Biddulph, Ryan, Hart and Basingthwaite in comparatively easy style.

Another great feat, unprecedented in the Championships, was that of Manly in taking first four places in the 'Teams' Championship, in which our old friend Noel Ryan was first home.

If attention to training meant anything, then Ken Foster, of Bronte, certainly was due to win the gruelling Belt Championship, which he did in fine style.

It was an eye-opener to see the Bronte lad's training stunts for weeks before the big event.

Every night at Bondi baths, Foster used to swim the best part of half a mile in company with some speedy performers, but that was not nearly enough for him.

Before he had got over the effort he dragged forth a kerosene tin filled with water, tied it on to a rope attached to a belt round his chest, and dragged that big-weight up and down the baths for what seemed ages.

That will show how keen these surfers are to win supremacy for themselves and for their clubs.

Good luck to them all, and a pat on the back from all lovers of true sportsmen, who think nothing of risking their lives in public duty.

Results.

February 22nd:—40-yards Handicap: N. P. Murphy (28), 1; T. H. English (25), 2; R. J. Withycombe (25), 3. Time: 26 secs.

February 29th:—40-yards Handicap: N. P. Murphy (26), 1; I. Stanford (27), 2; G. McGilvray (22), 3. Time: 25 2/5 secs.

March 7th:—80-yards Brace Relay Handicap: W. Ford and C. Godhard (50), 1; J. Dexter and T. H. English (47), 2; G. McGilvray and W. S. Edwards (43), 3.

March 14th:—60-yards Handicap: J. Dexter (38), 1; N. P. Murphy (42), 2; C. Godhard (38), 3. Time: 37 1/5 secs.

March 21st:—40-yards Handicap: N. P. Murphy (26), 1; J. Dexter (22), 2; T. H. English (25), 3. Time: 25 4/5 secs.

February Point Score:—I. Stanford (24), 1; T. H. English (21), 2; G. McGilvray (19), 3; G. Goldie (17), 4; J. Dexter and A. S. Block (16), 5.

February-March Point Score:—N. P. Murphy and J. Dexter (26), tie, 1; C. Godhard (21), 3; T. H. English (19), 4; G. McGilvray (16), 5; G. Goldie (14), 6.

Handball

One hundred and sixty-eight games have already been played in the "Winooka" Trophy Handicap, and the star of the contest to date is Joe Harris, who has won all seventeen of the games he has played.

That gives him a big show for the winning brackets, but his successes have made all the other men all the keener to take his scalp, so Joe is going to have a heap of tough games ahead.

D. Magnus is also undefeated, but his tally is only six, whilst Bruce Partridge has only bitten the dust in two of the twenty-one games he has contested.

Eric Pratt, too, has done well with thirteen wins and only three losses.

This month will see the competition enter an interesting stage, and all players are asked to play as many games as possible.

Records of the contestants are:—

E. C. Davis (owes 15), won 5, lost 1; W. Tebbutt (owes 15), 2-2; A. S. Block (owes 15), 4-2; K. Hunter (owes 7), 1-4; A. E. Rainbow (owes 7), 2-2; L. Israel (owes 7), 0-0; I. Stanford (owes 7), 4-4;

A. Pick (owes 5), 0-15; N. E. Penfold (scr.), 0-2; F. Lazarus (scr.), 0-1; E. S. Pratt (scr.), 13-3; W. Hannan (scr.), 0-1; J. Buckle (1), 13-9; J. Armstrong (1), 0-0; J. Coen (1), 0-3; A. J. Moverley (1), 2-0; I. Green (5), 6-8; E. H. Pratten (5), 0-0; R. Pollard (5), 0-2; E. T. Penfold (6), 4-1; H. Wolfson (6), 1-9; W. G. Buckle (6), 8-6; R. J. Withycombe (7), 7-4; J. N. Creer (8), 3-7; G. Pratten (8), 0-0; D. Lake (9), 2-1; B. Partridge (9), 19-2; T. A. J. Playfair (10), 0-0; C. Godhard (10), 0-0; G. Goldie (10), 2-0; R. Morton (11), 1-1; W. S. Edwards (11), 5-5; G. McGilvray (11), 5-3; H. Robertson (12), 0-0; T. A. Richards (12), 3-3; F. McDougal (12), 0-2; N. Barrell (13), 3-6; E. Bergin (14), 0-0; N. P. Murphy (14), 2-8; J. Harris (14), 17-0; T. H. English (15), 8-6; V. Richards (15), 0-0; Dr. W. Ingram (16), 1-2; W. C. Allen (16), 0-4; J. Clarke (16), 1-1; A. G. Lawton (16), 0-1; P. De Bovis (16), 0-0; L. Webb (18), 3-1; M. Leibermann (18), 5-12; R. Colyer (18), 0-1; R. Tobias (18), 2-8; R. Payne (18), 2-8; O. James (18), 0-0; H. Solomon (18), 2-2; D. Magnus (18), 6-0; J. Holmes (18), 1-3; C. L. Parker (18), 1-4.

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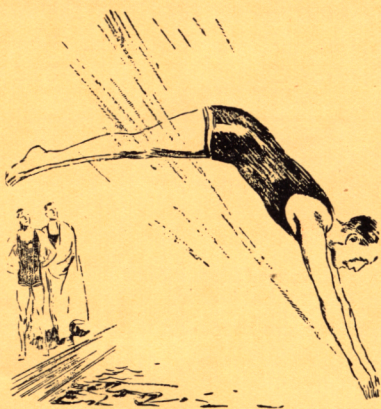


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TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

MAY RACE MEETING

Saturday, May 11th, 1940

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; Acceptance 10/-.
ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.
FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500, second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £4.
SIX FURLONGS

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race or races (Maiden Race excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.

A Handicap of £750 and trophy valued at £20, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to be selected by owner of winner; second £125, third £75 from the prize. Also gold mounted whip valued at £5, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to rider of winner. Nomination £1; Acceptance £6/10/-.

ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.
ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C. Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, APRIL 29th, 1940

Nominations for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be telegraphed.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

PENALTIES:—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th May, 1940.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th May, 1940, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distance advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street.
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.